THE SALT LAKE
HERALD-REPUBLICAN
The Inter-Mountain Republican
(Est. Feb. 12, 1906.)
The Salt Lake Herald
(Est. June 6, 1870.)

Only Republican Daily Newspaper in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Terms of Subscription:
DAILY AND SUNDAY—One month, 75 cents; one year, $8.00.
SUNDAY—One year, $2.00.
SEMI-WEEKLY (in advance)—One year, $1.50; six months, 75 cents.

Subscribers wishing address of paper changed must give former as well as present address.
All papers are continued until explicit order is received to discontinue. All arrearages must be paid in every case.

UNITED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL SALT LAKE CITY

CHANCES FOR FARMERS.

While Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture was down in South Carolina, he told the people that they had the country for farmers, and that farmers ought to go there, because it offered them the best assurance of safe and adequate returns.

If the secretary was simply trying to be amiable, and requite the courtesy of his entertainers with pleasing words, all well and good. But if he means it for the statement of belief, then he was wrong.

Because there is better chance for the farmer here in Utah than in any state of the south. And, not to be accused of sectional prejudice, we will add—better than any state in the north, or the east or the rest of the west.

If a man knows the principles of farming, and has money, he can get new land under an irrigation ditch here in Utah, and within a five years' time multiply his money assets by ten. And he will be making a good and easy living all the time.

If he knows the principles of farming, and wants to wait a little longer for a little bigger pay, he can get dry land, a half-section at a time, and raise more without a drop of irrigation water than he can raise on Indiana or Ohio or Michigan fields.

In doing this he will have for neighbors a lot of people who are striving to make the state the foremost in the Union, and that with good prospects of success. He will have markets that never get over supplied. He will have schools and churches and the assurance that the state is going to build good roads in a few years.

There isn't a farm in all the south so rich in its soil as this cheap Utah land that can be bought for a trifle, and that yields a fortune in return for intelligent and industrious labor.

Thousands of acres here are ready for the buyer; ready for the plow; ready for that cultivation which shall extend the area of productivity, and so serve the nation. And the price is within the reach of every farmer of the east who is worthy the name.

Tell that to your friends.

NO ATTRACTIONS AT THE CHURCH.

Dr. Goss, himself a Methodist minister, writes the Northwestern Christian Advocate what he thinks of the church as a "soul trap." He doesn't think it is much of a success in compelling the attention and inviting the attendance of the generality of people. And he says so in the following rather plain terms:

The church should present an irresistible attractiveness to all outsiders. It ought to blaze with light, reverberate with music, resound with eloquence, be all aglow with joy. Is it?

I should say not!

Of all the institutions in the world, God save the mark, the Protestant church presents the fewest attractions to outsiders. Go by a church on a weekday night and see if you feel tempted to break in! Enter its portals on Sunday, a stranger, and ask yourself how crazy you are to join. To those of us who are "in" it is the next place to heaven, after home; to those who are "out" it is too often a close second to a penitentiary! To discover the art of making the people outside implacably anxious to get in—this is the great art.

We don't know where Dr. Goss has been attending divine service—or what treatment he is taking for his dyspepsia. But here in Salt Lake the welcome to the stranger is of quite a different kind. Men and women who have attended service in every church in town—Protestant, Catholic and Mormon—have the same story of courtesy, kindly welcome, and desirable fellowship. In most cases the minister makes it a point to meet and personally greet every "stranger within the gates." In others the prominent members of the church are at the door as the audience passes out. They know the occasional visitor. They shake hands with him. They invite him to come again, and in every way short of intrusion open the way to confidence; to inquiries; to that conversation which shall mean social attention and the help of comrades.

Dr. Goss has been unfortunate in the churches he has selected for his study.

THE SHEEP INSTINCT.

Over in Denver there is a writer who deceives the Post into thinking his copy is average good stuff, and then he turns in classics.

His latest is a thesis on the sheep instinct in men and women who go to the theatre. His remarks are directed mainly at offenses on the vaudeville circuit. He cannot understand why auditors sit patiently through the struggles of an incompetent workman hoping to be accepted as an actor. The Post man thinks the patron should "sass back" at the bum actor, and then leave the theatre.

Maybe that is what the patron should do. But it isn't worth what it costs. The ham actor would get a chance for a hand there which nothing down in the bills could give him. Not many men can talk back to an actor without disturbing the peace. It is better, after all, to sit still and suffer.

But there are offenses which do call for vengeance. A little while ago there was a "talking magician" at one of the Salt Lake playhouses. He brought his wares down into the audience, and made the people who had paid to see him help in his act. And his last accommodating helper was rewarded with a gross insult.

The best men in that line never so offended. Where they asked the cooperation of the audience, they very carefully avoided giving the slightest offense. They made friends, and kept them. That was the manner of Herrmann the Great.

There is the passe soubrette who has the spot light turned on some one in the audience, and sings—or tries to sing—at that unlucky wight. If the victim is a confederate, the device is dishonest. If he is not, it is an outrage.

And yet the people stand for it. Maybe it is fair to accuse them of being enthralled by the sheep instinct. Sheep are very patient. But it is to be hoped that the time will come when the very bad actor will get no place on the stage; when the magician will earn his own money without drafting patrons of the house; and when the wornout soubrette will learn to make her living honestly, even if she has to wash dishes for it.

BRIDGE OVER CITY CREEK.

Every house built and occupied north of First avenue makes a permanent argument in favor of a bridge over City Creek canyon.

It is practically impossible to cross from the east to the west, or west to east, at any point. The thing may be done by ambitious young people with a rage for mountain scaling. But as a thoroughfare, it is closed.

The city to the west of the canyon grows miles to the north. The city to the east runs to the brow of the hill; and Eleventh avenue is now the site of homes.

A bridge at Sixth avenue would be a convenience for the people the value of which could not be overestimated.

PRETTY GOOD AVERAGE.

There were just twenty on the street car when it stopped at the west side of State street for the old man to climb aboard. He was very weak, and had a good deal of trouble getting upon the platform. The motorman pushed the door open for him, and although he came forward slowly and with difficulty, clutching the brasses and the straps nearest him, no one started to assist him. That may have been because those nearest his door were far from young themselves—although in the capable stage of life. And old men know other old men are sensitive. The car jerked a little as it stopped and started again on the farther side of State, and the old man nearly lost his balance.

Half way down the car a young man laughed—a well-dressed young man, with a very high roll to the bottom of his trousers.

But another young man, nearer the front of the car, hurried to give his hand to the troubled old man. Hurried to give him a seat, and then went down the car to the next vacant place. Then it was noticed for the first time that he had yielded his own seat to the old man.

The man who gave up his seat was evidently a mechanic. His face and his clothes had the grime of a mill upon them. His entire suit probably cost less than the rolled trousers of the young man who laughed.

But the mechanic who wore them was worth more than the young man who laughed at age and weakness will ever be.

And that is a pretty good average. Twenty people see age in distress, and one laughs at it, while one helps. But more would help if more were needed. And not more than one would laugh.

It is a pretty good world, as you go along.

HANDS OFF HONOLULU.

The people of Honolulu have protested, through both houses of the territorial legislature, against a proposed plan to have prohibition ordered from Washington. It is stated that a lawyer named Wooley has been to the national capital with a petition asking the government to issue an order making the Hawaiian islands prohibition territory. And the people there want to decide the matter for themselves. Which seems the fair and right thing, too.

Honolulu people have never been recognized as dangerously dissolute. The social conditions there do not seem to warrant the extraordinary issuance of an order from the seat of federal government, usurping their right to local self-government. In fact, those people are understood to be very creditable citizens of the United States.

If they have problems—and what country has not?—they believe themselves able to find the solution. And they do not want any prohibition laws—however they may want temperance and orderliness in the conduct of all.

HE HAD BEEN OVERLOOKED.

Which of you had known of the existence of John Stewart Kennedy?

No one seems to respond.

Yet when John Stewart Kennedy came to die, the other day, he left twenty-five million dollars to various religious, educational and charitable institutions, and his widow has twice as much more; not to speak of a flock of little legacies of from five to fifty thousand for various admiring friends.

Kennedy was a Scotchman, and he died of whooping cough. The idea of a multi-millionaire dying of such a disease seems grotesque. He has been in the United States since his fifteenth year, and has been making money steadily and noiselessly all the time. All the rest of the magnates have been in the limelight, whether or not of their own making. But this man calmly gets up from the table of life, and folds the drapery of his couch about him, and goes to take his chamber in the silent halls—and then for the first time the world observes that he has nothing but money.

Yet, from all accounts, he had a good deal besides. He had a quiet home, for one thing; and there isn't a divorce nor the suggestion of a scandal in it. He had been a member of the Presbyterian church, but had made no noise about it. No one ever read of John Stewart Kennedy's pastor. Yet he leaves ten million dollars to four divisions of the Presbyterian church work.

There has not in all the past been a stronger evidence of the accumulation of great riches in the hands of the few than is found in this incident. When a man can accumulate almost a hundred million dollars without being listed with the plutocrats, you can't tell who has escaped. Your very nearest neighbor may be a millionaire.

SENATOR ALDRICH'S ATTITUDE.

Not in many years has any newspaper published an article of more vital interest to the people—all the people—of the United States than that report of Senator Aldrich's address before the bankers and merchants of St. Louis, and given to the public in The Herald-Republican of Tuesday morning.

The address should be read from beginning to end. It is not long, and it will remove much of the feeling of hostility that has been engendered to the senator and his friends in their work for a reform in the monetary system of the United States.

There is the most perfect recognition of the immensity of the task before him and before the country. There is the most complete admission that nothing can be done without the co-operation of the business and banking interests. There is the broadest possible declaration of the purpose—the advantaging of every section, and every interest. No one can read the address and retain a particle of antipathy to the senator, nor to the work of monetary reform.

And there is no more impressive topic before the people. Somehow, in all the history of our nation, panics have come. Never is there a wel-defined reason for their coming. But there is no question of their disastrous effects. They are harmful to the nation. They hurt every member of the great republic—whether he be poor or rich.

In most foreign countries these financial panics are unknown. It is not believed our people are less capable than are those across the seas, nor is it likely there are conditions of any sort in this country which make impossible the correcting of this essential weakness.

For that reason the monetary commission is examining the methods of the old world; is investigating conditions in the United States; is asking suggestions of practical men in this country. No man pretends to understand all about the mooted subject. But surely no man nor men every approached a problem with more frankness, with better willingness to arrive at a consensus of the best judgment. And never has a subject of more importance engaged the attention of public men.

The work of the commission will be watched. And, proceeding as Senator Aldrich is proceeding, it will gain the confident backing of the people everywhere.

And in the end there will surely be a solution.

At Rome a theatrical manager has devised a scheme to get the judgment of his patrons on the merits of his plays. Each patron, on his way out, at the conclusion of the performance, is given a little metal disc. In the lobby is a slot machine with three compartments; one labeled "Good," another "Bad," and a third "Indifferent." The man with the disc may record his judgment in the slot that expresses his sentiment. If the verdict is favorable, the manager publishes the result. It it is the reverse, he changes the bill. And if the people carry away the metal discs, he just engages in language.

Factory girls of the middle west are said to be stronger and more healthful than are their sisters in the Atlantic states. And the reason is that the eastern girls are two generations removed from European ancestry, while the western girls are daughters of immigrants. If that is true, what will the next generation be?

Heber, Midway and Charleston all are now served with electric light. The people have made sacrifices to get the modern improvement. But they have it—and are proud.

Milford people are working for the establishment of a commercial club; and the News believes it would be of vast help to the town.

FALL FASHIONS.

(New York Times)

Now comes the time when all fair faces
Are pressed against some dry goods pane,
Absorbing styles in veils and laces,
Short skirts, long skirts and demi-train.

Fall fashions tempt the anxious glances
Of matron, maid and spinsterette,
And autumn's chilliness enhances
The charm of lingerie layette.

The men cast only looks of wonder
Behind the show pane's brilliant glare,
And ask themselves, why, why in thunder
Those summer trappings all are there.

They hug their overcoats still tighter
And shiver slyly through their bones,
While wifey's eyes grow bright and brighter
O'er silken hose of outre tones.

Yet, after all, are women silly
To dress in gewgaws all the while?
Whoever saw one feeling chilly
When she was togged in ultra-style?

SELF-BETRAYAL.

(Mirror.)

Mayor Guthrie, at a dinner in Pittsburg, said of the grafters whom he had exposed:

"It was not such a difficult work to catch them as some people think. Guilty men, you see, always betray themselves through their continual efforts to appear innocent.

"Thus a professor from the University of Oxford, at a banquet here one night, drank several glasses of port. The professor did not know this wine's extraordinary strength, and in all innocence he took too much. When he rose to leave the table, his legs, to his dismay, tottered and the room seemed to sway slightly.

"The horrified professor got to the parlor in safety. He sat down in the most distant corner. But soon his young hostess, leading a maid who carried her two beautiful twin babies, came to him for his approbation.

"The professor sat up very erect. He gazed at the twins glassily. Then he articulated carefully, in a hoarse, thick voice:

"'What a bonny little child.'"

THE THOUGHTFUL MAN.

(Kansas City Star.)

Two men had finished their dinner in a Springfield cafe, when one of them ordered the waiter to bring a couple of cigars. "Don't order more than one," put in the other man, "I've got a whole pocketful."

In the Cause of Freedom

By ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT
Author of "The Queen's Advocate," "A Courier of Fortune," etc.

Continued from Tuesday, Nov. 9.

"Do you repeat that story of my treachery now in my presence? Come, Dare you?"

"Don't think to intimidate me."

"I thought you would not dare. Now, will you tell Miss Drakona what really passed last night; or shall I?"

"These matters cannot be gone into now. You must both come to the department, and the whole thing shall be—" I put my back against the door and he took alarm instantly. He broke off and said quickly: "My men are here."

"You will not call them yet, Colonel Bremenhof," I said very deliberately.

"Do you presume to threaten me?"

"This is a personal matter between Miss Drakona, yourself and me. You have slandered me to her, and your official position cannot, and shall not—understand, shall not—prevent your giving an explanation."

"I'll soon see about that."

"Don't call your men. I warn you;" and I put my hand to my pocket as though I had a weapon concealed. I had none; but he was not a difficult person to bluff; and my look was steady enough to frighten him.

"Mr. Anstruther!" exxclaimed Volna, in alarm.

"This matter must be set straight, Miss Drakona." My tone was as firm to her as it had been to him; and this served to complete his discofiture. "Now, Colonel Bremenhof, I am waiting."

He sat down and was as troubled and fidgetty as a schoolboy waiting for a birching. His eyes were everywhere in the room, his lips moved nervously, and his fingers played with his beard. But he said nothing.

"I will help you start. You gave me your word last night that Madame Drakona should be released today; that you would place the evidence against her in my hands at your house tonight; and that all charges against this lady should be withdrawn. Is that true?"

"Yes; that is what I have explained," he muttered.

"The express object, as I told you plainly, was that Miss Drakona should be a perfectly free agent to marry my friend, Count Ladislas Tuleski or not, as she chose."

"I have said that, too, in effect."

"In effect!" cried Volna, contemptuously.

"The one condition you imposed was that I should leave the country, and to that I agreed."

"That is only your way of putting it," he said, beginning to gather courage as the minutes passed.

"I wrote as much to you this morning, Miss Drakona, and gave the letter to my servant, Felsen, to bring to you. Have you received it?"

"Colonel Bremenhof has given it to me, Mr. Anstruther."

"Turned letter carrier, eh?" said I, drily.

"The explanation of my possession of it is perfectly simple. Your servant was arrested by one of my men this morning; and when he was searched, the letter was found upon him. I deemed it best to bring it here myself."

"And to add that I betrayed the address to you?"

"Your man told me that you had instructed him to bring it to me. Of course, he may have lied. But how was I to know that?"

His air of blameless innocence, as palpably false as his explanation, was laughable; but it was my cue at the moment to accept both.

"There is only one thing that really matters," I declared. "Are you prepared to keep your word to release Madame Drakona, to give up the evidence against her, and to certify officially that there is no charge against Miss Drakona here?"

His start of anger and the vicious look he shot at me showed that he appreciated the tight corner in which this put him. He was hesitating how to answer, when unfortunately Volna's indignation would not be restrained.

"If you are satisfied with the explanation, Mr. Anstruther, I am not. Colonel Bremenhof's charge against you was of deliberate, not involuntary, betrayal. That it was part of your pledge to him."

I raised my hand in protest; but it was too late. He saw his chance and took it at once cunningly. He rose and said: "If I am already judged, nothing more can be done here. Burski!" he called in a loud, ringing voice.

I stepped from the door and Burski and the second man entered.

"You called, colonel?"

"We are going to the offices of the department. Let the Englishman be searched. He has a weapon."

Burski drew his revolver and turned to me.

"No, you are mistaken. I know what you thought. See!" and I turned my pocket inside out. "I don't resist."

Resistance being useless, it was just as well to make a virtue of offering none.

"You threatened me," said Bremenhof.

"Is that the charge against me?"

"The charge will be explained in proper time," he snapped.

"And I will see that the explanation is proper, too."

"Silence!" he cried. Now that his men were present, his natural instincts as an official bully reasserted themselves.

It was an ugly development of the situation; and my chagrin was the more bitter because only my own blind self-confidence had brought it about.

Volna blamed herself, however, setting it all down to her last angry interposition. "I am so sorry," she said to me. "This is my fault."

"Not a bit of it. He meant to do it in any case. You only made it a little easier for him to show his hand. The real blame is mine, as I will explain to you."

"The explanation will have to wait," sneered Bremenhof. "You have many other things to explain first. See that a carriage is brought, Burski, for Miss Drakona to go with me. You will take the Englishman. Take him away now."

Volna gave a cry of distress, and was coming toward me when Bremenhof pushed between us.

"You must not speak to the prisoner," he said, bluntly.

"Come, Mr. Anstruther," said Burski.

"You need have no fear on my account, Miss Drakona," I assured her; as I went out with Burski.

"What's the reason for this?" he asked, as we stood a moment on the landing, after he had sent his companion for the carriage.

"It means that for the moment you have outplayed me—for the moment, that's all."

"Can I help you?"

I looked at him steadily. "Yes, by dropping your pretense."

"You wrong me, friend. I can still help you to escape. I can get you out of the city, if you will."

"Colonel Bremenhof's orders, eh? No, thank you; not again. I am just as anxious to be a prisoner now as he is to get me out of the city."

"He means mischief for you. I told you last night."

To Be Continued Tomorrow.